1163. b. 14.
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Christianity without *Persecution:*

OR, A

Congratulatory POEM, &c.

Christianity without Perfection:

A

Congratulatory POEM, &c.

Christianity without *Persecution!*

OR, A

CONGRATULATORY

POEM,

ON THE

Late ACT for Strengthening the

Protestant Religion.

Inscrib'd to all True *Protestants.*

Concordiâ Res parvæ crescunt, Discordiâ Maxima dilabuntur.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXIX.

A

CONGRATULATORY

POEM

ON THE

late ACT for strengthening the

Protestant Religion.

BRITISH MUSEUM

43 6
286

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXIX.

TO

My very worthy Friends, and Fellow-Subjects, the Undisguised, and True Protestants of *Great Britain*, &c.

THE *following Poem being the Conceptions of a true* Protestant, *and Well-wisher to his Country, the Author humbly hopes the Sincerity of his Intentions may attone for the mean Performance.*

Tho'

Tho' Poetry may ſeem too light a Method to diſcuſs ſome matters, which I have preſum'd to touch upon, yet I beg leave to ſay, that the Great Hearer, *and* Judge of all Things *accepts, and weighs all our Perfotmances by the ſolemn Seriouſneſs of the Performer, and not barely the Manner of the Performance; and I doubt not but our Poetical Praiſes, and Glory to God in Spiritual Hymns, may be as acceptable at the Throne of Grace and Mercy, as our Proſaick Prayers; for where ſhall we find any part of the Scripture more abounding with Divinity, and moſt Heavenly Expreſſions than* David's *Pſalms, where almoſt every Sentence is Poetical, tho' not confin'd to Rhime.*

Therefore,

Therefore, as I have attempted nothing more than a Congratulation to my Fellow Proteſtant Subjects, upon their preſent Happineſs and Liberty, under the auſpicious Reign of ſuch an Indulgent Sovereign (with a ſhort reflectionary Digreſſion, only to thoſe who Deviate from one of the principal Articles of our Faith, who, I wiſh, may not hereafter ſadly find the want of their future Bliſs chiefly owing to ſuch a fatal Disbelief, and Diminution of the Second Perſon in the Godhead) I truſt my Endeavours will give Offence to none who call themſelves Proteſtants, *and are really ſo; but as the Author is deſtitute of any Employment, you will vouchſafe to Contribute toward this Work, which will prove a moſt*

timely

timely Favour, and lay a very permanent Obligation upon him, who is with the utmost Sincerity, good Wishes, hearty Respect, and Esteem,

Your very Devoted Servant,

G. W.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT PERSECUTION.

WHEN to retrieve the Glory of our Crown,
The Great *Naſſau* aſſum'd *Britannia's* [Throne,
Our Halcyon Days renew'd their wel- [come date,
And we eſteem'd our Happineſs compleat:
His timely Aid repell'd the ſwelling Tide
Of raging *Rome*, for Pity, not for Pride;

Godlike Ambition made the *Hero* brave,
And as He came our *Liberty* to ſave,
That glorious *Prize* he to his Victims gave:
None were exempted from his Princely Care,
His faithful Friends enjoy'd a double Share.
From that Great *Arm* deadly Oppreſſion fled,
And pure Religion rear'd her drooping Head;
True *Proteſtants* with pleaſure ſmil'd to ſee
A Prince firſt reſcue them from Slavery,
Then make their Conſcience (like their Perſons) [Free.
So when th' immenſe Creation firſt began,
And *God* in Paradiſe had ſeated Man;
His Body (like his Soul) was pure and free,
That from all Sin, this from Infirmity.

Freedom the Vertues of a Prince diſplays,
From hence each pious *Soul* with brighter Rays
May *blazon* both his *God*'s, and *Sov'reign*'s Praiſe:
Not cramp'd by rigid ceremonial Ties,
The mighty Good deſign'd by Heaven enjoys;
In *Naſſau*'s happy *Reign* ſuch Bleſſings flow'd,
Naſſau, to whom we owe our preſent Good;

The

The choiceſt Vertues grac'd his Royal Mind,
In him the *Chriſtian*, and the *Monarch* ſhin'd;
He like a *Free-born* Princely Soul diſdain'd,
To ſee our Conſciences in *Faith* reſtrain'd;
His Royal Wiſdom happily foreſaw,
Freedom of Worſhip was a glorious Law,
('Tis ſuch true *Liberty* that Honour brings
To *Kings*, and Glory to the *King of Kings*:)
Had all his Subjects (like himſelf) been true,
As he preſerv'd, he'd made them happy too
But then, the Friends to *Popery* combin'd,
And againſt Him with real *Papiſts* joyn'd,
A vile apoſtate Crew, avers'd to Good,
The curſed Remnant of the Scarlet Brood;
The Church ſerv'd only for a ſham debate,
For *Proteſtant's*, a word ſuch Traitors hate,
But as he had ſuch mighty Wonders wrought,
So to confirm that Faith for which he fought,
Heaven ſuffer'd them to Plot, but plot in vain,
And prov'd that he was ſent by Heaven to reign.
Ah, now with Tears I mention his demiſe,
'Twas then alaſs! Religion loſt a Prize;

Yet

Yet all things ſeem'd to promiſe fair a while,
And *Naſſau*'s Bleſſings ſtill refreſh'd our Iſle,
Till Friends to *Rome* their darling Cauſe reviv'd,
Both by dark Plots, and open Schemes contriv'd,
Baſe Treaties form'd, ſuch glorious Acts repeal'd,
That Proteſtants to ſad reſtraint muſt yield,
Good Parents Faith was to the Child deny'd,
And no Man's Soul true Liberty enjoy'd,
But thoſe who ſcorn to be to Conſcience ty'd,
But e'er *Britannia* felt this kindling Flame,
Loe! Mighty *George* by *Juſt Succeſſion* came,
He (like another *Naſſau*) proud to Save,
And threatning Danger fled to *Anna*'s Grave;
He for the wounded brought an healing Balm,
And thoſe near Shipwreck'd ſoon enjoy'd a Calm
(So whilſt the foaming Billows do ariſe,
And raging, ſeem to dare the angry Skies,
The trembling Seamen view the breaking Waves
And dread the Fury of ſuch watery Graves;
When from vaſt *Abyſs*, th' appeaſing God,
Reviews the Surface of the rolling Flood,

With

With ſacred Awe he checks the angry Main,
And Loe, a glaſſy Ocean ſhines again.)
So now Religion rais'd her Sacred Head,
And to Great *George* her brave Protector ſaid,
'Far off from Us let Perſecution reign,
'And Popiſh Bigotts hugg their ſlaviſh Chain;
'My Sons are born by Nature to be Free,
'Freedom of Conſcience is True *Liberty*;
'Tis romiſh Perſecution to controul
'The glorious Operations of the Soul,
'Our groſſer Bodies tortures may endure,
'The Soul's more tender, as ſhe is more pure,
'And only helliſh Spite aims to deſtroy
'Thoſe nobler Vertues which they can't enjoy.
'Shall crafty *Rome* with Force and Art combine?
'And not my Sons like true *Profeſſors* join?
'Nought ſhould debarr them from affairs of State,
'Only the Good deſerve (there) to be Great.
'No Sects but Friends to Rome my Rites invade,
'And Cruelty of Freedom is afraid,
'Freedom's the Garland that my Champion wears,
'Each Faithful Proteſtant that Glory ſhares.

Thus

Thus ſpake Religion with prophetick Voice,
When inſtantly her Champion did rejoice,
And ſmilingly reply'd, my Acts ſhall ſhew,
A Mind as ſteady as your ſelf is true.

That call'd Diſſention's true Religion grown,
And Loyalty, with Goodneſs guard the Throne;
'Tis they Diſſent who violate the Laws,
And dare eſpouſe a *papiſt Idol*'s Cauſe,
But Proteſtants who like your Selves Unite,
In Faith, and Loyalty, their Church is right,
God hears their Prayers, and with a bounteous Hand
Bleſſes the People, and defends the Land;
So may *Britannia* be from Danger free,
If all call'd Proteſtants would thus agree;
Nor ever groan with foreign bloody Wars,
Or bleed afreſh with ſad Domeſtick Jars,
No daring popiſh Faction could delude,
The ignorant, but reſtleſs, Multitude.
But how ſome are poſſeſs'd 'tis hard to tell,
Unleſs from *Rome*, or *Rome*'s firſt Parent Hell:

Like

Like Hypocrites they dare aſſume a Name,
Religion is their ſole pretended Aim,
Mean while are Zealous to deſtroy the ſame.
Monſtrous! what wou'd they ask? Since bounte-[ous *Heaven*,
To us ſo large a ſhare of Bliſs hath given,
A Monarch now adorns *Britannia*'s Throne,
Who gladly makes his Subjects Cares his own;
Our *Laws* are Juſt, *Religion* Free, and Pure,
Our *Liberty* ſeems laſting and ſecure:
Perhaps they like a *romiſh* Bigott's frown,
Better than Smiles from Prince's of our own,
Bleſt with all Vertues worthy of a Crown;
But what could ſuch miſtaken Wretches ſay?
If e'er a Tyrant bears the Sov'reign ſway,
Can they believe the only Path which leads
To *Heaven*'s a Croſs, and ſenſeleſs ſtring of Beads?
Sure *Britiſh* ſpirits with regret muſt yield
His Houſe to one, and to the next a Field,
See Prieſts divide the Church, and rule the State,
Where only ſuch muſt then be Rich or Great;
Inſtead of joyful Fire-works on the *Thames*,
Smithfield would ſhine with holy Martyrs flames;

There

There wretched Orphans for their Parents moan,
Each diſtreſs'd Mother, wail her martyr'd Son,
Theſe and more dreadful Scenes would be relent-leſs ſhewn;
Then I'm afraid (Life is ſo dear a Prize)
Fewer wou'd ſuffer than Apoſtatize,
And thoſe who made the Breach for ſuch a flood,
Hazard their Souls, to ſave their conſcious Blood.
Where Perſecution doth the Sceptre guide,
And Subjects tears are their harſh Sov'reign's Pride,
Where Gallies, Dungeons, or the fatal Tree,
Or fiery Stake (*ſad Scenes of Miſery*)
Are ready prim'd, and wait the Tyrant's Nod,
To totture thoſe who truly ſerve their God;
We ſeldom find the *Great Avenger*'s hand,
Long ſlow to puniſh ſuch a guilty Land,
Some angry Vials He at firſt doth pour,
The dreadful Earneſt of his wrathful Store.
But *Kings* who prove themſelves both Wiſe, and [Great,
Nurſe *True Religion* to protect their State;
As *Heaven* defends that faithful Monarch's Realm,
So *Heaven* directs his Counſells at the Helm,

Nor

Nor can a Power inferiour guard our State,
To bleſs us with a Prince ſo Good, ſo Great,
Succeſs againſt his rebel Subjects prov'd,
That Princes Conquer as by Heaven belov'd.
Once more kind *Providence* hath ſaid be *Free*,
When loudly He proclaims, but all agree
In Bands of Love, and ſacred Harmony,
More than the Sword will Unity at Home,
Fruſtrate the dark Deſigns of *Hell*, and *Rome*:
Since ſuch a Monarch now protects our Realm,
Counſell'd by faithful Patriots at the Helm.
Since Proteſtants in this *Grand Point* agree,
To Worſhip all the one *Great Deity*,
Why ſhould they differ in the Mighty *Three*?
Diſtract the Church, no leſs diſturb the State,
With ſuch a Blaſphemous, prophane Debate,
The Myſteries divinely true, tho' dark,
And no leſs true for *Whitſton*, or for *Clark*,
Vain *Arian Sons!* who Falſities defend,
Againſt thoſe *Truths* they cannot Comprehend;
By the Creation Man may plainly ſee
The Effects of a creating *Deity*,

But ſhallow human Reaſon cannot find,
How the *Great Three* are in *One Perſon* join'd,
How all their Works are various, yet the *Three*
Equally ſhare in their *Divinity*,
But center all in *One Infinity*;
And as the *God-head* by His heav'nly Nature,
Is Infinite, above a Finite Creature,
So unleſs finite Reaſon could diſcry
Myſteries, like Boundleſs *Infinity*,
We ought by Eyes of Faith for to believe
Thoſe Secrets true, our Reaſon can't conceive;
'Tis vain for Faith, or Reaſon to pretend,
Incomprehenſibles to Comprehend.
If Man knew all Things, ſurely he muſt be
Equal with *God*, from vaſt *Eternity*,
Not ſo; for the bleſt Angels once began,
Who far ſurpaſs this mortal Creature Man,
From them *Eternal Secrets* are conceal'd,
To whom the *Glorious God-head* is reveal'd,
From hence a greater Adoration flows,
Than if their *God* thoſe Secrets did diſcloſe:

'Tis

'Tis condeſcention that He let's us know,
There is a God, and ſhare is Bleſſings too,
Prophane to ask how Infinitely ſo,
Nor can our earthly Faculties define,
Eſſence Eternal, Infinite, Divine.

Thoſe Things which thus ſurpaſs our human [Senſe
We muſt conclude the *Work of Providence,*
From that *Eternal Cauſe,* whence all began,
Not the Conceptions of a finite Man:
Man, tho' endow'd with Art and Reaſon too,
Cannot contrive beyond what Man can know;
Thus have falſe Syſtems been ſometime believ'd,
And for religious *Truths* by Man receiv'd,
Till nat'ral Reaſon fathoms the dark *Scheme,*
And finds from whence the meanContrivance came:
Not to the *Great Jehovah*'s Works appear,
Burniſh'd with Truth, coherent and moſt clear,
Or to the Eye of Reaſon, Faith or Sence,
Which proves his Infinite *Omnipotence.*
Tho' the *Eternal Being* did conſent,
Under three forms himſelf to repreſent,

This Condeſcention only was deſign'd
To manifeſt His Goodneſs to Mankind,
Explain the Glory of his wondrous Pow'r,
How Man (when loſt) He could again reſtore;
But thus divided in his Works, and Name,
His *Infinite Perfections* were the ſame,
Myſterious *Truth!* at once a perfect *Three*,
As yet remain a perfect *Deity*,
Nor could a leſs attonement e'er ſuffice,
To ſave loſt Man, than a moſt perfect Prize,
Such monſtrous Guilt demands a perfect Sacri-[fize:
How could True Merit in the *Saviour* ſhine,
Unleſs (like God) all *Perfect* and *Divine*.
Whoſe wav'ring Faith Eſſential *Truths* denies,
Endangers others, and himſelf deſtroys,
But Ceremonials no ſuch Weight afford,
They are but Cuſtoms, not th' eternal Word;
Cuſtoms improv'd beyond their firſt Deſign,
Beyond the Rule of *decently Divine*;
Cuſtoms which have been made compelling Laws,
For *Perſecution* not a ſacred *Cauſe*:

But

But now the *Great Preſerver* doth Decree,
We ſhall enjoy *True-Chriſtianity*,
Appointed *George* his Royal Deputy;
He, tho' aſſail'd by all the Pow'rs of *Rome*,
Speaks Peace abroad, and ſtems the Tide at Home,
He for our Freedom doth no Labour ſpare,
And Loyalty rewards his princely Care,
Amongſt his plotting Foes their Counſels fail,
Nor can their open hoſtile Arms avail,
Where *George* is King Religion muſt prevail:
Rebels to *God*, and *King*, are always vain,
And *Glenſhill* falls like *Preſton* and *Dumblain*.

In Days of late audacious Acts we ſaw,
Prophan'd Religion, and deſpis'd the Law,
Infamous Hands demoliſh'd Sacred Piles,
Aim'd at the Glory of three famous Iſles,
In Sacriligious Flames burnt hallow'd Wood,
The very Place where once the Preacher ſtood,
The flagrant Crime they eagerly purſue,
Their daring Hands ambitious to imbrue

In

In reaking purple Streams of guiltleſs Blood,
Nor wou'd have ſpar'd the *Meſſenger* of *God*;
Not ſo the rav'ning *Wolves*, when they diſcry,
The harmleſs *Flock*, and ſee the *Shepherd* nigh,
Fear'd by his Look, they durſt no longer ſtay,
But with revengeful Grin they houling haſt away.

But now we have no longer cauſe to fear
Such ſalvage Herds will ſtorm the Houſe of Pray'r;
Religion (once a Scorn) loe! now revives,
Joys that her Churches are not Dens of Theives;
The Juſt Indulgence that our Prince hath given,
Is the beſt Proof his Right's deriv'd from Heaven;
For Perſecution from a Tyrant's Rod,
Is but Permiſſion, not the Act of God,
Who ſways the Sceptre with a gentle Hand,
Is ſlow to Wrath, and eaſie in Command,
Who never cramps his Subjects fervent Prayers,
Nor from true Chriſtian Zeal their Faith debars,
Is ſent by God his Worſhip to enlarge,
And all theſe Vertues ſhine in Royal *George*.

Methinks

Methings I hear the bleſt harmonious Choir,
Applaud his Wiſdom, and your Zeal admire,
Praiſe ſteady Proteſtants of ev'ry Name,
Becauſe their real Faith is all the ſame,
And Heav'n, and God, their Great their Glori-
[ous Aim.

Since Perſecution's from *Britannia* fled,
And Laurels crown Religions ſacred Head,
Bleſt with a Nurſing Father of her Cauſe,
Who waters her with ſuch refreſhing Laws,
Henceforth let all unhappy Diſcords ceaſe,
Fatal to holy Worſhip, and our Peace;
Than *Adam* let us prove more Juſt and Wiſe,
And not tranſgreſs to loſe the glorious Prize,
For *Freedom* is an *Earthly Paradiſe*.

Such bliſsful *Scenes* are Bleſſings but too few,
As bount'ous Heav'n hath here ordain'd for you,
Oh *Happy Proteſtants!* your Vertues ſhine,
You muſt be ſo whilſt you are thus Divine;
Where unpoluted Streams of Goodneſs flow,
Harveſt of Bleſſings in full Plenty Grow;

Thus

Are we happy both in Church, and State,
The Subjects *Free*, the Sov'reign *Good* and *Great*:
May we with Gratitude theſe Joys improve,
The pleaſing Earneſt of th' *Almighty*'s Love,
Then at the glorious Day we all ſhall ſee,
Our King as Happy, as He made us *Free*,
When *Proteſtants* Unite in Heav'nly Harmony.

FINIS.